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THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

The Sabbath of the soul: it is the calm
That doth our life of anxious care divest,
And sweetly soothe with something like a psalm
Singing of heavenly rest.

The Sabbath of the soul: it is the thought
That lifts us far above the ways that plod
Into communion richer than we sought,
E'en company with God.

The Sabbath of the soul! Some fortaste sure
How oft asserts itself with gentle sway:
'T is progress into life that will endure
Through endless Sabbath day.

BENJAMIN R. BULKELEY.

Chicago, April 18, 1896.

Alfred C. Clark, Publisher, 185-187 Dearborn St.
Chicago.

The Publisher of THE NEW UNITY takes pleasure in announcing that he is organizing a series of select, personally conducted tourist parties for a

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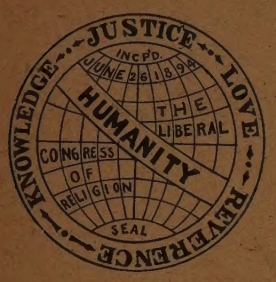
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1897. NUMBER 5.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

WHITTIER.

President McKinley's inexorable demand of two hours a day of *rest* for himself is one of the best things about the new administration. His work, as well as himself, will be the gainer thereby. Let him have a body-guard, if need be, to protect him in his good resolutions!

We reprint in this and the following number of THE NEW UNITY two sermons by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, "The Selfishness of Grief" and "Death as a Friend." They were published in this paper and in pamphlet form in 1894, but the demand for them was so great that the edition has been exhausted and a new one is necessary. All orders for the sermons can be filled in pamphlet form after April 15th.

Prayer is as inevitable to the soul as the leaves to the elm branches six weeks hence. When sun breaks through clouds, when grass peeps through snow, when love follows hate, when we find fulness where we feared vacancy, when sinews we thought withered tremble again with new life, then the soul breaks into song again: then the hallelujahs of the heart can no more be suppressed than the murmur of the brook in April, when its bed is full of released waters.

A mother reading the Bible with her little nine-year-old daughter at the bedtime hour comes to the story of God hardening Pharaoh's heart. "Well, mamma, I don't think that was very nice in God, anyway!" exclaims this independent young thinker. Theologians expand upon God's righteousness and judgment, but when the voice of a child is raised against the inhumanity of the Divine, theologians should seriously ask themselves whether it is they or the "atheists" who are contributing most to make a Godless world for the next generation.

An English journal, commenting upon the controversy that has been raised in America by Dr. Lyman Abbott's recent utterances in favor of the higher criticism, expresses surprise that they should have created any stir or should have aroused opposition. The great majority of the English clergy, says the writer, have come to accept these views as a matter of course. A prominent American sociologist, who has been spending some months in England, remarks that Americans are, as a rule, reading English books on sociology published a quarter of a century ago, and are quite unfamiliar with the most recent and the best things that have been written in this line; while in practical experiment we are even further behind our English brethren.

St. Cloud, Minnesota, has been the scene of the intelligent and Christianizing spectacle of a Congregational Council which, in acting upon the case of a candidate for ordination, warmly praised his personal character, commended his fruitful work in the religious, charitable, and intellectual activities of the city, and voted for his rejection because his theological convictions were "a little weak on some points." Mr. H. S. McGowan, the candidate, has been filling the pastoral office in the First Congregational Church of St. Cloud for two years, though still unordained. He comes from that pernicious perverter of the orthodoxy of youth, Grinnell College, and he is largely responsible for the inauguration of a local movement for the brotherly union of all the evangelical churches. No doubt, then, it is very necessary to check him and prevent him from dragging his congregation along on any such disastrous career.

On April 1st the John Crerar Library will be opened in its temporary quarters on the sixth floor of the Marshall Field Building, Wabash Avenue. During the first three days it will be open for the inspection of the public from 9 A.M. until 10 P.M. The Board of Directors, after a careful study of Mr. Crerar's will, and of the present library facilities and needs of Chicago, decided upon the establishment of a free public reference library of scientific literature. The income of the endowment fund, $2,500,000, will be divided as equally as possible among books upon the social, physical, natural, and the applied sciences. The directors will co-operate with the Chicago Public Library and the Newberry Library, so that unnecessary duplication in the purchase of books will be avoided. The John Crerar Library, situated in the heart of the city, easily accessible to all, and meeting the needs of bread-winners, will be another golden link in the chain that binds the common life of Chicago to the world of thought.

Illinois at the Tennessee Exposition.

Ferdinand W. Peck, Secretary Robert J. Thompson, Major Elliott Durand, and E. R. Graham, who went to Nashville on behalf of the Illinois commission to select a site at the Tennessee Exposition for the Illinois State Building, returned yesterday, pleased with the location they secured.

All the state buildings will be situated in Grand Avenue, which is called the axis of the grounds, and the Illinois Building, on account of its monumental and unique character, will stand at the head of this avenue, facing the center of the grounds, and on a direct line with the capitol.

The avenue touches the Grand Parthenon, the main architectural feature of the exposition, and, dividing, runs around either side of the Illinois Building.

"The Illinois Building," said Mr. Peck, "will be an exact reproduction of the Administration Building at the World's Columbian Exposition, one sixth the size of the original. We have secured the forty-two groups of statuary from the Field Museum, from which casts will be made.

"E. R. Graham has been selected as the architect of the building. Mr. Graham is associated with D. H. Burnham, who was director of works at the Columbian Exposition."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Daughters of American Snobbery.

Just what is the significance of the increasing number of American societies for the promotion of ancestor worship? Annually we are edified by the spectacle of a divided body of patriotic and patrician dames vindictively, and sometimes tearfully, squabbling over the relative merits of "collateral" and "lineal" Daughters of the Revolution. The more exclusive Society of Colonial Dames has been utterly eclipsed by the appearance of the all but unattainable "Society of the Descendants of Colonial Governors," while the haughty "Holland Dames"—the direct descendants of the original ginger and molasses importers—lead the van in the pretensions of the labeled well-born at the present writing. It is supposed that woman, the conservative element in life, is most earnest in the formation and exploitation of these clans, but the blue-book shows a goodly list of "sons" and "great-great-grandsons" of first white children born in Virginia, mule-tenders on the old Allegheny pike, charter members of the Sunday morning baked-bean club, substitutes in the late Union army, etc.

Now, the constitution of nearly every one of these aristocratic societies proclaims as its object the collection of historical documents and other evidences, and the eternal preservation of our national loyalty. A society to foster patriotism has set for itself one of the most glorious aims, one of the most solemn duties, that can command man. But when the spirit of members of such societies is in direct opposition to the essential principle of American institutions, the social equality of all men, it is time to call a halt. Ask yourself, fair daughter of a race of patriots, whether your chief interest in the society which you adorn is the establishment and publication of your own claims to better blood, better condition, better standing than your neighbors, or honest effort to teach true Americanism to all Americans. If it is the first, you are an incarnate protest against the existence of your own society, and an obstacle in the way of its noble achievements. If it is the second, then God bless you, and help you to stand bravely in the way of the modern tendency to false social distinction in our country.

Those Two Young Men.

Mr. Gladstone's magnificent message to civilization a few days ago is destined to be one of the great factors in the history of the Eastern Question. It has crystallized the policy of the Liberal party in England inside of thirty-six hours, and has compelled Great Britain to withdraw from the concert of European shame. It is the voice of British honor wounded and British conscience violated. With a half-century of experience in making European history, and working always from the standpoint of human liberty, a good part of the time the chief actor in that great drama, in the present crisis the colossal proportions of this solitary and heroic man loom up again upon the shores of southern France as perhaps the world's foremost figure in this generation—perhaps this century. Mr. Gladstone has called attention to two dangers, other than that in the person of the "Great Assassin," of Yildiz Kiosk. He has told the plain, unvarnished truth about the two inexperienced and incompetent "young men" who rule

with reckless irresponsibility over the destinies of nearly one hundred and fifty millions of people. Who are these young men? The Czar is a young weakling, who from any enlightened standpoint is unfit to rule over a great people. The present writer, when a student at Oxford University, lived in a house with a grandson of Sir Henry Havelock. The uncle or brother of this gentleman was governor of Ceylon at the time of the present Czar's voyage around the world. At Ceylon, a banquet was given him by the governor. The table manners of the then Czarowitz will throw a side light upon the present most orthodox ruler of all the Russias. His conduct was that of a barbarian. Besides other indications of shocking manners, he amused himself by throwing bread and other food across the table at the guests. And the Emperor of Germany! A diseased egotism and inflamed ambition and cracked brain under the Prussian crown! These men, wielding an abnormal power with the factitious sanction behind them of the divine right of kings, and no rights of the common people that kings are bound to respect, are exerting themselves, in no policy more palpably than in the one that is so astonishing and audacious in its wickedness as to almost paralyze the faculty of wonder in mankind, to crush the feeblest aspiration toward liberty at home and abroad; to uphold and encourage the most hellish despotism and the most diabolical cruelty that ever tortured and murdered men, ravished women, or roasted children before their own mothers' eyes and thrust the burning flesh down their throats. The actions and the diplomacy of these two precious "young men" say this is in consonance with international law, but it is not international law for one little nation of heroes to protest against the "law-abiding" methods of the Turk. To-day the German Emperor is furnishing ammunition to the Turkish army and has officered that army with Germans. The gentleman is insane. He is a criminal monomaniac. He is coaxing *dies iræ* out of an already threatening sky. He is heaping tar-barrels and resin upon the bonfires of the jubilees of Socialism which may some day consume his very throne. And what makes Socialists in Germany makes Nihilists in Russia. What makes these in Germany and Russia weakens the supports and manacles of tyranny throughout the world, and increases the mighty host whose lives are solemnly dedicated to the proposition that "all men are created free and equal," and that among the inalienable rights of mankind are, to say the least, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Apropos.

The following has been copied from London *Punch* —the Christmas number for 1868. Although written nearly thirty years ago, it throws a curious light upon the "eternal" aspect of the "Eternal Eastern Question," which will not be settled until it is settled once for all, in Mr. Gladstone's "Bag and Baggage" policy.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

(A SONG OF THE SEASON.)

Roast Turkey is a standing dish
For festive Christmas season;
Is oftener served than most folks wish,
Punch thinks beyond all reason —
Though to receive it with a "pish,"
To Christmas were high treason.

No wonder, if Yule fires aglow
Make Turkey drop its juices
Into the dripping-pan below,
To hold in Grease its use is.
But if Grease catches fire, we know
Its blaze the very deuce is.

To keep this Turkey and that Grease
From coming to a flare-up,—
Which might to such wide blaze increase,
As must stir common care up,—
And breaking Europe's Christmas peace,
Bid her big engines tear up.

The cooks of Europe, her Great Powers —
(Cooks *are* great powers, we know)
Spend anxious and laborious hours,
And their best squirts bestow;
Diplomacy's cold *douche* in showers
On this hot Grease to throw.

Britannia, cook-maid fat and fair,
Though fain to stand aloof,
And see to her own bill of fare,
Must rouse, on Bull's behoof:
That blaze, once lit, she feels might flare,
And catch *her* master's roof.

French cook, and Russ, Pruss, Austrian — each
Has his own cause of fear.
Who knows where fire, once raised, might reach,
With so much loose straw near?
All with one voice "cold water" preach —
Let 's hope all are sincere!

Meanwhile the Turkey spits and spumes,
Grease frizzles and fumes high,
And fitful flashes light the glooms,
Are quenched, and, sputtering, die;
And the Cooks' Conference foredooms
"No blaze — till by and by." *Punch.*

The Department Store in Paris.

In Paris, at the Bon Marché, "les plus vastes magasins du monde," they have taken a long step toward the solution of the "department store" problem, which just now is pressing itself upon our attention, but which to thoughtful minds has been an ever-present question in modern commercial economics.

The Bon Marché is a house established upon the principle—surely an intelligent one from the commercial point of view alone — that an interest in the success of an affair can best be promoted by an interest in the result of that success. Old Aristide

Boucicaut was a far-seeing man in his generation, and he founded certain institutions, since added to by his successors, which have commanded all the endeavors and the unswerving loyalty of his army of employés,—sales-people, and work-people.

These are:

1. A commission to sales-people on every individual sale made.

2. An arrangement which has allowed a large number of the employés to purchase shares in the business.

3. The provident fund, which is sustained by a sum annually deducted from the profits, stock in which may be acquired by any woman who has served for fifteen years, or any woman forty-five or more years old who has served for five years; and by any man who has served for twenty years, or any man fifty or more years old who has served for five years. Each stockholder receives an annual four-per-cent dividend. The heirs of any deceased stockholder may either withdraw the capital or leave it, receiving the dividends. And so any woman stockholder who marries.

4. The retiring pension fund, which Madame Boucicaut endowed with five million francs, a sum which has been largely increased, but which receives nothing from levies on the salaries of employés. This fund was established in 1886. In 1894 it paid life pensions of from 600 to 1,500 francs per annum to 126 old employés, amounting to 104,500 francs. Those eligible are employés who retire after twenty years' service, and in some instances their widows and minor orphans.

5. The relief and pension fund, supported by the voluntary donations of the directors, shareholders, and others, and operated for the temporary relief, and sometimes the pensioning, of unfortunate employés.

6. Indemnification for absence on account of military service, including the payment of one half their salaries, as well as their dividends, to all employees who are shareholders; (*b*) the payment of two francs per day, plus one franc for each of his children to any employé summoned for the "thirteen days" or the "twenty-eight days;" (*c*) counting as continuous service time of service before and after such absence, in determining eligibility to participation in the provident or the retiring pension fund; (*d*) reinstatement in service upon honorable discharge from military service.

7. An allowance to women employés in confinement.

8. The maintenance of a physician for the benefit of employés.

This is a plan which has been tried with wonderful success in France, that great sociological laboratory from whose failures and whose successes the world draws so much of its experience. It is a very imperfect plan. With all the funds and annuities the disproportion between the profits of the employer and the profits of the employé is absurd. But it is a plan founded upon the right principle, the principle of mutual endeavor and mutual reward —a common interest and a common obligation, the beautiful principle of "each and all."

The situation which confronts us here to-day is a tragical one — the annihilation of small interests by a system of concentration which gorges the few who control it, and the pitiless crowding to the wall of honest men who are trying to get a living, and only that, out of their small enterprises. Futile attempt! They cannot possibly compete with the stupendous concerns which are able so to enconomize in rentals, in service, in carriage, most of all in the facilities for turning to account every scrap of material, nearly the half of which is bound to be wasted in the little shop — and so the result is ruin.

At the same time the public is better and more cheaply served by the department store. And this is the paramount concern. It is right that the institution which contributes to the greatest good of the greatest number is the one that shall stand, and thus far that is the department store.

How, then, are we to reconcile the one fact, which is evil, with the other fact, which is good? It is an everlasting principle that good cannot cause evil, and that in the sum of things there is room for all that is good, if all that is evil is taken away. It is not the department store, essentially good, which is hurting so many, but some evil thing which attaches to it.

It furnishes merchandise economically to the public. This is good. The profits accrue to a very few. He who under the old system would have been his own master becomes some one's hireling. This is the evil. The tendency is bad, and nothing but bad. It is crowding economic liberty out of the world. The revenues of the great store become the property of a few of the men who operate it, while the thousand others whose activities are as earnest, if not as valuable, receive, not a compensation, but a stipend. In proportion as each man's efforts cause the success of the concern, he should hold shares in it. So much for the cash-girl and so much for the manager; so much for the recruit and so much for the veteran. By such a systsm we should have twenty small shop-keepers where we now have one, with these differences—his profits would be much greater, and all the other shop-keepers would be his allies, not his rivals. At this end of the nineteenth century we are emerging slowly from the ancient idea that competition or individualism is the law of life, and are learning that in co-operation lies our social salvation. History cannot retrace her steps. She is passing away from the things of yesterday, and the path along which she has traveled is forever closed to her. She can never go back to them. The old system of small competitions is dying out of the world. Why idly try to bring it back again? There is only one wise thing for us to do — to go through this problem, and on into the new method, which is its solution, to move on as the world and life are moving; to learn, once for all, that one cannot go forward by going backward.

Invocation Hymn.

Written for the Christian Endeavor Convention at Washington by Ambassador Hay.

Lord! from far-severed climes we come,
To meet at last in Thee, our home.
Thou who hast been our guide and guard,
Be still our hope, our rich reward.
Defend us, Lord, from every ill,
Strengthen our hearts to do Thy will,
In all we plan and all we do
Still keep us to Thy service true.
O let us hear the inspiring word
Which they of old at Horeb heard.
Breathe to our hearts the high command,
"Go onward and possess the land!"
Thou who art light, shine on each soul!
Thou who art truth, each mind control.
Open our eyes and make us see
The path which leads to heaven and Thee.

The Forward Movement.

Nothing marks the present as an epochal period more than the many efforts to "overcome evil with good," instead of crushing out the evil by force, which is another evil that must, in its turn, be gotten rid of. Among these efforts to supplant the wrong by something better is the Forward Movement, under the inspiration and direction of Dr. George W. Gray. The object of this association is told in its charter to be "to investigate and improve the physical, social, intellectual, and spiritual condition of the people in the congested districts of Chicago and other cities."

In its practical workings the Forward Movement is an attempt to apply the teachings and practices of Jesus Christ to modern life and conditions, especially to the neglected classes in our large cities. It seeks to co-operate with and supplement all organizations having for their purpose the betterment of society. It is therefore necessarily non-sectarian and non-partisan. It seeks to "overcome evil with good." It is therefore essentially constructive in its methods. Its fundamental endeavor is to meet the wants the people feel in such a way as to awaken the individual to a consciousness of higher needs, recognizing spiritual culture as essential to the elevation of society. It is therefore thoroughly Christian in character.

It is now carrying on about thirty lines of work. It has selected, as a kind of experimental station, that part of the west side of Chicago lying along the river for about a mile. It proposes to concentrate its efforts in this territory, and to seek its redemption. Its purpose is to save society, rather than here and there one out of society. Its work is mainly carried on through committees, such as those on amusements, art extension, better homes for wage-earners, drinking-fountains, etc.—in all, about twenty-five. These committees are composed of prominent people who are devoted to the betterment of society.

From time to time social conferences are held, at which some phase of the work is discussed. The next conference will discuss the relation of amusements to the welfare of the people living in the congested districts. We hope to furnish our readers with the salient points of the discussion.

The organization has now one social settlement, and will soon open two more. We have carefully examined its methods of work, and cheerfully give it our unqualified indorsements.

The Moss.

When black Despair beats down my wings,
And heavenly visions fade away,
Lord, let me bend to common things,
The tasks of every day;

As, when th' aurora is denied,
And blinding blizzards round him beat,
The Samoyad stoops, and takes for guide
The moss beneath his feet.

WILLIAM CANTON, *in the Woman's Journal.*

Liberal Congress.

Their World.

If ever heart in sorrow droops,
And deems the world a lie,
When Spring in resurrection comes,
It feels that heaven is nigh!

And if to one in grief it grows,
To bear the smile of heaven,
Oh! what to them, in their new land,
May not in joy be given?

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Department Stores.

Whenever an industrial or social abuse becomes particularly offensive by reason of its extent or enormity, a spasm of reform passes over the community. The failure to cope with abuses in their inception, and the lack of sound political and social philosophy on the part of an overwhelming majority of the American people, lead to hasty and injudicious legislation which proves ineffective, or, accomplishing its attempted purpose, hinders more judicious and effective action. The present endeavor to introduce a statute regulating certain obnoxious newspapers in New York furnishes a happy instance. The bill introduced was of such a character that a censorship of the press might be established which would be subversive of all freedom of the press. The present agitation against department stores furnishes another example of great local and national importance.

It is quite impossible to understand the industrial and social problems of to-day without continued reference to the evolution of industry in this century. A careful consideration of the industrial revolution and the rise of the factory system would clarify the opinions of all unprejudiced observers of the modern tendency to concentration in distributive processes. Hardly any one would object to-day to the principle of organization embodied in the factory, though he might protest against many of the accompanying abuses. The early history of factory development, however, is full of the protests of the hand-workers and small manufacturers who were crowded to the wall. It shows neither lack of regard for justice nor absence of humane sentiments to admit that the sacrifice of the small workshop was vicarious, justified by the results. Justifying the results does not defend the processes, neither does the injustice done to some individuals condemn the resulting system. If the factory worker, who has taken the place of the individual laborer, is not in more fortunate circumstances than the latter, he has at least, in the factory system, the instrument to his salvation. The present industrial system would have failed to meet the needs of modern life had not the principle of concentration of capital in productive processes been introduced. In the early days, usually, and to-day, often, both worker and consumer suffer from the power this concentration gives, but they hold in their own hands the means of redress, because of the greater ease of management of concentrated than of decentralized industry. Even in the present stage of organization of the productive processes both worker and consumer profit largely by the rapidity, cheapness, and convenience of the present methods. Whatever be the faults of the system, no one is heard to complain of the disappearance of certain classes which were supposed at one time essential to the stability of society, such as cobblers, weavers, and the like. One of the most recent developments in the system is the supplanting of minor factories by the union of various processes in one factory. There are now sixty-four processes in boot-making in the United States; three hundred and seventy in watch-making. The ultimate economy of this concentration is unquestioned; the ordinary hardships wrought are not disputed. The problem of factory production is to give the widest scope and greatest freedom to the introduction of improvements, while protecting the displaced worker dependent on the former methods. No champion of the small store-keeper appears to

have been moved by the spectacle of the displaced factory operative, yet their cases are exactly parallel. Either industrial evolution must be stopped, and we must revert to the more primitive methods, abolishing the factory and the department store, or industrial evolution is to continue, and we must insure the social as well as the industrial efficiency of concentration in both production and distribution.

What are the objections to the department store? The magnitude of the concern and the multiplicity of the commodities offered for sale makes deception easy; this is also true of the making of steel armor-plate for our battle-ships, yet no one proposes as a remedy the substitution of the blacksmith for the rolling-mill. A second menace of the department store, which is seldom mentioned by its critics, is its power over the daily press; this, however, would be utilized only to the hindrance of progressive municipal reform, to which the small shop-keeping class is almost universally opposed. The third danger is that of semi-monopoly, with the accompanying unfair competition. It is necessary, however, to carefully distinguish between monopoly and the tendency to monopoly. The object of every man engaged in the conduct of an industrial concern is to approach, as nearly as possible, to monopoly. It is generally admitted by the actions, if not the words, of all those engaged in large industrial operations that competition is a failure. The methods of the large and the small shop keeper are not to be distinguished by calling the one unfair and the other fair, or unscrupulous and just, but successful and unsuccessful; the effort of each is the same.

In contrast with these real or fancied objections, there are manifest advantages in the department stores. First, there is the economy of capital and space; it is possible thus to provide better articles at a lower cost, as well as to give greater convenience to the customers, though, of course, there is no guarantee that these possibilities will be fulfilled. Second, the large store furnishes relief to the present overcrowding in the distributive processes. Most of the people who are displaced by machinery find employment in the field of distribution. It is of social value to society that people should find employment, but there is no better reason for their being provided for in distribution than in production. Third, the department store is able to insure better hours to its employees, more sanitary conditions, and better wages, than the small shop-assistant, or often the small shop-keeper, enjoys. There is no guarantee that these opportunities will be embraced, though there is an evident tendency to secure them. Fourth, the fittest talent for the various executive and subordinate positions may be secured by the high differentiation of work in the department store. Fifth, so far as the cash system prevails, there is an advantage over the small dealer doing credit business. The sixth advantage is the one whereby all the others might be made to contribute to social welfare, as well as the profit of those immediately concerned. The large store, like the large factory, may be more easily regulated by law. The abuses which exist are due to the ignorance and apathy of the citizens. The small shop, like the sweated factory, is beyond the control of the ordinary machinery of legislation. Law can regulate the conditions of employment in the great store, can insure unadulterated, genuine articles, can provide for those displaced by this, as by other processes of industrial evolution, or can even conduct for the public good the great sources of supply, as is often done with other distributive functions.

The method of reform of any great industrial institution to-day is to make more efficient its advantages while correcting its abuses, rather than attempting to abolish it altogether. The legislation that has thus far been proposed is class legislation, could not be enforced if enacted, is a proposal to return to primitive expedients and forego the advantages of modern developments, ignores altogether the needs of the multitude employed in subordinate positions, interferes with the liberty of the consumer, and blocks the way of the intelligent and progressive legislation which is needed. A comparison of the department store with the English co-operative societies, which are gigantic concerns, admirably managed, insuring the best possible treatment of employees, guarding against any misrepresentation of goods, and vesting the control in consumers, will show the principle upon which Reform must proceed. The interests of the consuming class, not the preservation of a superfluous number of tradesmen, must be the aim of all such legislation.

CHARLES ZEUBLIN.

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one,
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity,—
Of toil unsevered from tranquillity!
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose—
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry!
Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy quiet ministers move on,
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting!
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Laborers that shall not fail when man is gone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Pessimistic Preaching.

Very gloomy are the utterances of the truly "orthodox" over the so-called "heresies" of such brethren as Dr. Lyman Abbott and Dr. John Watson. In a recent number of *The Independent*, Mr. Dwight L. Moody says: "Ministers of the Gospel who are cutting up the Bible in this way, denying Moses to-day and Isaiah to-morrow Daniel the next day, and Jonah the next, are doing the devil's work." Even before these late enormities in Biblical criticism had been perpetrated, Mr. Moody had assumed the rôle of pessimistic prophet, and at one of his Northfield conferences last summer, is reported as saying: "A most direful day is awaiting us in the near future; so many forces of a contrary nature are opposing each other, that very soon we are almost certain to have a terrible clash of some sort, unless God, as the result of the earnest prayer of his people, intervenes and brings about harmony."

For the sake of the large number who hear and read Mr. Moody's words with eagerness, it is to be regretted he should take such a gloomy outlook. It will require from his followers considerable strength of character and purpose to resist the depressing tendency of such pessimistic preaching. There is a bright side and a hopeful meaning to all events and circumstances, however unpromising they may appear on the surface; it is the part of the Christian teacher to seek for these, in order to cheer the faltering and help the faint along the way of life.

The fact is that the gospel of pessimism has had too many preachers in this generation, the only comfort being that their day, in most cases, has been short-lived. A year ago, no voice was louder than Max Nordau's, and no book more discussed than his "Degeneration"; to-day it is sinking into the obscurity it deserves. The book professed to be a work of science and literary criticism; but the science was unsound, and the criticism lacking in the chief critical qualities, – insight, delicacy of touch, and self-restraint. A gift for stating half-truths with a certain brilliancy and force, joined with a rare capacity for scolding, captured the public ear for a while, since they who love to have their contemporaries berated are always legion. Posing as an apostle of sanity and as a critic of abnormality, Nordau's own books—for his earlier work on the "Conventional Lies of Civilization" was even more sensational and hysterical—are admirable examples of the mental deficiencies which the self-constituted censor had set himself to discover in others. The book did harm during its "fad" existence, and was rolled as a sweet morsal under the tongue of the uncritical for its little day, deadening the taste for finer viands while it lasted.

The new researches in the study of criminology have had their influence, doubtless, in developing the pessimistic attitude of mind. While it is not to be denied that criminology is a science of the utmost importance to society, in order that penology may be molded in accordance with its deliverances, the conclusion that all men are born evil, and that the world is going to the bad in consequence, is an inference to be guarded

against. Such a doctrine would be absolutely without inspiration in the conduct of life. To be cast down and given over to morbid reflection and alarming conclusions at every little reverse or discouragement, is to rob life of its meaning, and to show a lack of faith in the power that makes for righteousness. While flowers bloom, and birds sing, and sunsets glow for all, why shall men not feel that brightness and beauty are the prevailing notes in the world? More inspiring than all the preachings of pessimism, however brilliant and erudite, is the bit of wisdom from one of Miss Alice Brown's grizzled mariners of Clovelly. "Well," said one of these weather beaten seadogs to his congregation in the village street at twilight,—"well, human nature 's looking up a bit; that's the only comfort." And he who reads the signs of the times in the light of calmness and right reason must likewise be convinced that, after all, "human nature 's looking up a bit."

ANNA B. MCMAHAN.

St. Savior's and Its Records.

II.

One is frequently struck, when visiting the English cathedrals, by the ghastly effigies carved upon some of the olden monuments. Sometimes two figures will adorn the same tomb; one, an attempt at portraiture of the person buried beneath; a second one, an emaciated effigy only slightly removed in gruesomeness from that of a skeleton. These are simply a *memento mori*, a reminder of human mortality. In the north transept of St. Savior's Church (London), such an effigy can be seen upon the tomb of John Overs, the father of the original foundress of the church. He was a rich miser (so the story runs), who owned a ferry for conveying passengers across the Thames, long before there was any bridge. A strange plan of economizing his household expenses one day entered his mind. He would feign death; for surely, he thought, his family and servants would fast for one day, at least, in their bereavement. On the contrary, it would appear, they were only too happy to be rid of him, and proceeded to feast and make merry over the event. The sound of revelry reaching his ears, he sprang from his bier, and, plunging downstairs in his winding sheet, threw horror and consternation into the midst of the gay company. A waterman, rushing in his fright and confusion upon what he thought was the ghost of the old man, felled him dead with an oar. Now, his daughter, who was "of a beautiful aspect and pious disposition," had a lover who had not met with the father's approval. The news of the death reaching him in the country, he started with all speed to his sweetheart; but in his too eager haste, he fell from his horse and was killed. Mary Overs, rendered inconsolable, withdrew from the world, and founded a House of Sisters, into which she retired, endowing the institution with the ample profits of her ferry, and dedicating it to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

This same St. Savior's Church holds many quaint and stilted epitaphs, serious and solemn enough in their day, but from this generation they provoke a smile rather than the pious reflection desired by the writer.

The only brass in St. Savior's bears the following inscription:

"Susanna Barford departed this life the 20th of August 1652 aged 10 years, 13 weeks, the non such of the world for piety and vertue in so tender years."

A winged hour-glass balances the familiar skull and cross-bones upon this tablet. The historian continues thus to enumerate her virtues:

"And Death and Envye both must say 't was fitt
Her memory should thus in brasse be writt.
Such grace the King of kings bestowed upon her
That now she lives with Him a maid of honour
Her stage was short, her thread was quickly spunn
Drawn out and cut got Heaven her worke was done
This world to her was but a traged play
She came and saw't, dislik't and pass'd away."

On the west wall of the south transept is a stilted and curious epitaph in Latin:

"These be the incinerated remains of Richard Benefield, Associate of Gray's Inn. To them, after they were thoroughly purified by the frankincense of his piety, the nard of his probity, the amber of his faith fulness, and the oil of his charity, his relatives, friends, the poor, every one in fact, have added the sweet scented myrrh of their commendation, and the fresh balsam of their tears."

Lockyer, a famous pill man, the Holloway of his time, rests under the following inscription:

"Here Lockyer lies interred: enough his name
Speaks one hath few competitors in fame
A name so great, so gen'ral it may scorn
Inscriptions which do vulgar toombs adorn,
A dimunition 'tis to write in verse
His eulogies, which most men's mouths rehearse.
His virtues and his pills are so well known
That envy cant confine them under stone.
But they'll survive his dust and not expire
Till all things else at th' universal fire.
This verse is lost, his pills embalm him safe
To future times without an epitaph."

The total disappearance of this panacea was a great loss to Londoners, inasmuch as it was an antidote against "the mischief of fogs."

He was only surpassed by the mountebank who sold to the country people pills "which were very good against an earthquake."

M. H. P.

A New Novelist in Finland.

The English journals have discovered in Pietari Paivarinta, the Finnish novelist, a writer of remarkable power. They compare him with Ibsen, Turgeneff, and Tolstoï, believing him the representative portrayer of a people still farther to the north than those depicted by his contemporaries. Therefore we shall all doubtless soon be reading "Pentti and Juka," which is the first of the author's work to be introduced to literary London. The story is one from a little volume entitled "Pictures from Life," recently translated into French. A correspondent of the New York *Herald* has found this book altogether refreshing in its simplicity and freedom from affectation of every sort. They are tales of a rugged existence in the land of long night and strong cold—the hopes and fe irs of a sturdy race, subject to the same heartbreaks as humanity in more favored latitudes. Unlike most of the stories, "Pentti and Juka" is one of romance, made impressive by the element of courage. Pietari Paivarinta, now seventy years old, has long been known in his native country. A brief sketch of his life in a recent number of the *Revue Bleue* states that he is much honored by the peasants, whose life he perfectly understands. One of his books, "A Description of Domestic Existence," was published by the Finland Society for the better instruction of the people. From a childhood of direst poverty, he passed to the solitary life of a peasant, experiencing doubtless much of the hope and despair, joy and sorrow with which he surrounds his humble heroes. He wrote newspaper articles in the mean time, and at the age of forty published a book called "Episodes of the Great War," which made for him a name. Since then his other writings have added continally to his local fame. It is doubtful, however, if he ever gave much thought to the great southern country that is now doing him homage. Contrary to the custom among his countrymen, he has never written in Russian or French, his aim being always to uphold the Finnish national language.—*The Literary Digest.*

What can we do to whom the unbeholden
Hangs in a night with which we cannot cope?
What but look sunward, and with faces golden
Speak to each other softly of a hope?

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

We soothe the child for some withholden pleasure,
Till sweet eyes smile that were so fain to weep;
"To-morrow—only wait until to-morrow—
After you sleep."

So we are soothed with solemn dreams of heaven,
When earthly days no further solace keep;
Hope tells us there shall be a happy morrow—
After we sleep.

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

Word of the Spirit.

The Selfishness of Grief.

A sermon preached at All Souls Church, Chicago, Sunday, March 11, 1894.

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

He said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. But he said unto him, Leave the dead to bury the r own dead; but go thou and publish abroad the kingdom of God.

Luke ix, 60.

A physician of much hospital practice recently said to me that little children afflicted with hip-disease, the treatment for which necessitates the long confinement of the little patient in a constrained position, invariably become either little imps or little angels. The restraint acts either as an irritant upon the temper until it becomes rebellious and tyrannical, or as a stimulus to the will, which develops self-control, submission, consideration, and gratitude, until the little sufferer becomes the sunlight of the ward in which he lies. The physician's experience is but a graphic illustration of a general principle. Pain always breaks or makes the will. Grief will sweeten or sour the life. Sorrow makes one life somber and sullen, selfish and sordid; it makes another gentle and tender, helpful and holy. All depends upon the spirit in which we accept the bitter fruit. Our griefs may fertilize our lives and cause them to bear more abundantly the holy fruit of the spirit, or they may blight whatever they touch, depressing whomsoever we approach. The pleasures of life are accepted by most people as a trust; their administration is a matter of thought, and a misuse of the same brings prompt reproach, merited rebuke, wise counsel. We must not be selfish in our pleasures. But grief, also, is a responsibility. Why should we abandon ourselves to its sway without thought and without conscience? It is not easy to speak plain words of advice or rebuke when the heart is torn, but surely they are unworthy tears that blind the eyes to duty.

Jeremy Taylor, "the Shakespeare of divines," in that quaint and deathless book entitled "The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying," has a chapter on "Temptations Incident to Sickness, with Their Proper Remedies." Among the temptations he enumerates "Impatience," and the "Fear of Death." In the next chapter, on "Graces Belonging to the State of Sickness," there is a "prayer to be said when the sick man takes physic"; and who will say these subjects are not timely ones? It is not a gracious task to speak of the faults born out of the tenderest and profoundest experiences of the soul, but there is need of plain speech here. Let me with love and all tender consideration try to speak plainly of these matters. There can be no more fitting time than during these Lenten days, when religion seeks to speak to the souls of men in minor tone, when the church would fain screen the sun and blur the rose in the interests of the spiritual life. This life is sad enough at best. Pain, weakness, separation, and death are our inevitable attendants, ever near and ever ready to visit us with fresh surprises. Shall we maximize or minimize them? Shall we convert them into inward peace, moral earnestness, and spiritual trust? or shall we allow them to overlay us, cripple our powers, limit our influence, and pervert our natures until we become a burden to the society which we ought to serve? You will not consider me unsympathetic. You remember that I speak not of that which I do not know. Pain and weakness and the choking loneliness of an open grave have visited my life, as they have all our lives. Let us, then, frankly confess that selfishness is unseemly by the coffin as it is by the festal board. Self-control is as necessary and admirable by the one as by the other. The widow has no right to be inconsiderate of others, any more than has the wife. The law of duty binds the orphan as closely as the unbereaved child. There is need of consideration in the sick-room as on the playground. Death, mysterious visitant, with a shrouded face and chilling hand, is ever an unwelcome friend, at best a sorrow-bringer; but we, the living, are not on that account released from the exactions of prudence, economy, cheerfulness, and service. Death may leave us sad, but it should not make us mean. Death will make us sorrowful, but let it not make us selfish.

There is nothing more archaic in modern life than our attitude towards death, and the customs that cluster about it. I want to speak of this now, at a time when my words will be absolutely impersonal and general, not only in their spirit, but in their application; for we are all slaves, in this respect, of customs and fashions rooted in past error and false premises. There is nothing more barbaric surviving in our life to-day than a conventional funeral. The more proper it is, the more offensive it is to delicate sensibilities and common sense. Let me particularize.

Why should we, when the inevitable comes,—that which we know in the nature of things is the unquestioned lot of all of us,—yield to such wild rebellious grief as is so often witnessed? Let us in life prepare not only for our own death, but for the death of those near and dear to us. Who is to go first we know not, but let all arm themselves beforehand with that holy fortitude that will enable the survivors to accept unhesitatingly the unfinished task, and to bend willingly the shoulder to the added burden. Why should the last memories of the forms of our dear ones be so clouded with artificial gloom, with the grim crape at the door, the lowered curtain, the darkened house? Let the calm be illuminated with all the sunlight available. Let the quiet be sanctified by pleasant memories and high resolves. O, let the thoughts of the living be of life and not of death, or, so far as possible, let the thought of death be as that of an incident in life which does not change the relations and responsibilities of life. The hungry must be fed, the naked clothed, though your dear one has gone and his form lies silent in its chamber. Let us be considerate, rather than exacting, in these trying moments of our grief. Why should we take offense at the world, at our friends, at our church, or our minister, if, forsooth, they must live on and do the part of living souls in a living world, though we have had a death in the family? I have heard of people who have left the church of their choice—the church from which they received strength, through which they hoped to influence the community, train their children, elevate society—because its members, its committees, or its pastor did not call upon them after the funeral. Such conduct is based upon an utter misconception of the highest functions of both church and minister. It is their business to deal with the living. It is the opportunity of the bereaved to seek the only sure consolation by higher service, nobler self-abandoment; the only consolations that are sure are the consolations of service. The minister has poorly filled his place if his ministrations have not been performed before the crape is on the door. The funeral sermon is preached long before the funeral if it is to be of real helpfulness. O soul, do not add to your bereavement bitterness; do not sulk because the Infinite God has touched you with the divine wand which leads the generations forward. Do not rebel against the benignant inevitable. You are richer by one more hope, richer in one more angel, richer in one more priceless gem that cannot be taken away from you. Why, then, should you lower yourself by playing the rôle of a pauper, and go moping in a world that now, at least, has been profoundly interpreted to you? You have looked beyond the seen and the tangible, and have felt the awe-inspiring mystery of eternity. If your soul sorrows, as it must, let the grief reach your mind and your conscience, that they may be quickened. Do not dwell amid the tombs; "let the dead bury the dead!" You should live while it is your privilege, that you may have a better right to the life and the reunion that await you when the discharge comes. I would not mock your tears, but let them be benignant showers falling upon the garden of your heart that it may bear more abundantly the lily-graces, the rose-loves, and the apples of character. Sorrow, like love obscures itself. True grief has no use for hired mourners, whether it be professional wailers hired to cry aloud over the dead, according to Oriental customs, or the inanimate advertisers of grief employed by modern fashion. Alas for the widow whose sorrow for her husband must be estimated by the yard; pitiable is the servitude that uses money needed for children's clothes in buying crape, in order to assure the

world that the children's mother loved their father and realized his loss. Fashion is often tyrannical, frequently senseless, but never more so than in these mourning customs, which require that black should be worn for twelve months, and that black and white, not unbecoming to many women, should graduate the sorrow off into colors and gayety. A reform in this direction is demanded for four reasons:

1. Black is a false symbol. Death is not an enemy, but a friend. Its symbol should be light, and not darkness; it should suggest hope, and not despair.

2. Practically it is a menace to the spiritual buoyancy of the community, particularly of the home, and most especially of the children in the home. What right have you to convert the memories of a strong father or a loyal mother into a twelve months' gloom? Why should you fetter yourself with this grim reminder to others of a sorrow all your own, obscure joyous memories, and blur your rising purposes with this swarthy mantle, which is not true either to night or day? It is not nature's color. She uses it sparingly in her landscape. You have only to look into your own experiences, every one of you, to realize how the tender years of childhood are shadowed, not by death, but by the emblems of death; not by the widow, but by her dress, for, fortunately, her smiles will break through the gloomy circlet of her veil, and her heart will at times be glad under her funereal robes.

3. These mourning customs are an abomination because they introduce the conventional and the artificial into the realm which ought to be preserved to the sanctities of sincerity. Of all ghastly pretensions, a pretended sorrow is the most ghastly. Think of the young widow counting the months until she may lay off her weeds and it will be proper for her again to wear color; or of the widower brushing the silken crape upon his hat as he is about to start out for his second or third wooing. There is a grim sarcasm (which ought to be reiterated from the pulpit) in the phrase, "mourning by the yard." It is a bit of modern Phariseeism against which religion, natural, wholesome, sincere religion, cries out. How extremely artificial and elaborate are the ramifications of this fashion, which reaches to the coachman's dress and the horses' harness, only the dry-goods man and his expert customers know. As a measure of one's grief, how very expressive is the width of the black band on the mourning envelope. What a reflection it is upon the grieving capacity of the correspondent who uses a margin only half as wide! and how sad must be the case of the widow who writes on white stationery after her husband's death! Do not think me flippant or unsympathetic. It is because I respect the sad burdens of the heart that I resent and ridicule these artificial and oftentimes false symbols of grief. I ridicule the pretense because I bow in silent sympathy in the presence of the reality.

4. Lastly, I protest against the mourning custom for economic reasons. How grievous is the task even upon the favored, the well-to-do! how intolerable the burden upon those who walk the narrow plank that brings daily bread by daily earning! I am not an adept at figures; but here is a case where figures should be considered. Take a family of mother and four or five children, who, for fear of apparent disrespect to the memory of the father gone, must wear mourning, else "people will talk." I am told that even the plainest outfit for such a family, only a decent mourning garb, will necessitate an investment of at least two hundred dollars, and this while the undertaker's bill is unpaid, the winter fuel unprovided, saying nothing of the children's education.

Dear friends, I beg of you to do everything you can to further a social revolution in this direction; be sensible; be strong; carry the sweet sorrow in your heart; do not lose its benediction by parading it; do not make it vulgar by trying to wear it on your backs.

I wish I might next say the wise word concerning our funeral customs. They are happily much modified. I hope the habit of making it the occasion of torturing souls into piety is past. The long, argumentative sermon is happily gone from most communities, I trust. But there still remain the too public invasion of private homes, the long delays, the exposure and expense of the carriage procession to the cemetery, and the sad desecration of nature called "floral decorations." I try not to look at them at funerals, lest the flowers themselves lose their charm. The torture to the artistic sense, as well as the waste of the delicate product of nature involved in the so-called "set pieces" of our city funerals, is so great, that, happily, the abuse seems to be in a fair way of correcting itself. The "gates ajar," the "broken column," the "lute with a broken string," the "open book," the "broken wheels," the frequent brave ventures in the way of bass drums, saddles, pens, scythes and other realistic emblems,—O, have we not seen them all? Would we might never have to see them again, or if they must come, let them be molded in wax so that they can be manufactured in quantities and come cheaper, and save the flowers. Here again the argument is both economic, æsthetic, and ethical. O, the wicked waste of money! O, the easy sham! O, the vulgar parade! It would be a service to religion if some one would carefully compute the amount of money spent on flowers carried to the cemeteries of Chicago every month. A cheap funeral costs at least a hundred dollars, and the expenses frequently reach a thousand.

How can we simplify the funeral service? For surely it is fitting that we should show our respect to the dead, and that the solemn occasion itself should become a ministry of grace to us. Let me outline my idea of a funeral, hoping that you will take it as a suggestion which may recur to you in some Gethsemane moment of your lives. Let me anticipate the question and answer it now, when the mind is more clear and the heart less agitated. If the deceased was an inconspicuous member of society, let the sacred privacy of life be not disturbed in death; let there be a quiet, tender memorial half-hour at home, where the family and their nearest friends will gather to listen to a few chosen selections from deathless writings, a breathing of sympathy and aspiration, a word of commemoration for the dead and companionship with the living. Flowers? Yes, indeed; a few, if brought by loving hands and arranged in the simple, wholesome way of the home. Singing? Yes, if the dear, familiar things are sung by loving and familiar voices. No, if it means the professional quartet hired for the occasion. Under such circumstances the most exquisite music is inappropriate and out of place. After this memorial half-hour, let the friends take loving leave and go to their homes, leaving the bereaved with their dead. At another hour, sufficiently removed to effectually break up the temptation to stay and see, let the undertaker and the necessary friends come and take the body away. Why should the family, in their overstrained condition, expose themselves to the profitless ride to the cemetery, and prolong the added strain of the unsatisfactory leave taking? But if they go, will the minister go along? Shall we try to have another service at the grave? Dear friends, at such times I am at your service. If you go and wish it, I gladly go with you; but, frankly, I urge the abandonment of the practice. It is so great an outlay of strength, time and money for such poor results. If the deceased is a public character, one who in his life made himself a part of the community, let him serve once more, and let the memorial service be held either before or after burial in the church of his choice or the hall where the community are wont to congregate, but let the vulgarity of a public funeral be reduced to a minimum. A society of King's Daughters in New York has been organized to secure cheap funerals for the poor. They advertise that they have arranged for "reduced rates with undertakers, florists, and liverymen; have a standing contract with singers; keep ready-made shrouds on hand, etc., and will furnish ministers when requested." In this way they are able, the notice continues, "to furnish for a hundred dollars that which would ordinarily cost five hundred." This is well-meaning, but not well conceived. Let these Daughters of the King recognize the royalty of death and persuade the rich to abandon their extravagance, and thus help the poor to do without shrouds, flowers, paid singers, and carriages. Instead of the expensive interference with nature's law of decomposition in the way of hardwood or metallic coffin in outer box, let the body be encased in an osier or pine casket, that which will most readily relinquish to mother-earth her earthly treasure.

The next wicked extravagance I would correct is the monumental burden. Professor Shaler, in the book called "Interpretations of Nature," says: "The cost of property

contained in the cemetery at Mount Auburn is probably as great as that of Harvard College. It is many times as great as that involved in all the school buildings belonging to the people who bury their dead in that cemetery." Mr. Simonds, superintendent of Graceland Cemetery, in this city, estimates that there is an investment of two million dollars in monuments in that cemetery alone. One vault cost forty thousand dollars, and there are several monuments which have cost from fifteen to twenty thousand. The most expensive monument in Oakwoods Cemetery, according to the superintendent, cost twenty-three thousand dollars. There is a thirty-five-thousand-dollar monument in Calvary Cemetery. At Oakwoods Cemetery there is a shaft sixty feet high, weighing forty-four tons, which cost eleven thousand dollars. The average cost of monuments at Oakwoods Cemetery is estimated by a dealer at from five to eight hundred dollars each. And what do we have as a result of it all? Something more grotesque than artistic, a futile attempt to stay the waves of oblivion. For, notwithstanding the great attempt at permanence, monuments are among the most perishable of stone structures. An authority says that but few monuments survive even a century, but even then they survive the memory of the lives they commemorate. And their fulsome compliments are read as flippantly as the amusing epitaphs that form the staple of the funny corner in the newspapers.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, remembering that three of the graveyards of conservative Boston have been tumbled over during this century, says: "The stones have been shuffled about like chestnuts. Nothing short of the day of judgment will tell whose dust lies beneath. . . . Epitaphs were never famous for truth, but the old reproach of 'Here lies' never had such a wholesale illustration as in these outraged burial-places, where the stones lie above and the bones do not lie beneath."

But all this only crowds us to the ultimate logic of our reform. The graveyards themselves are a menace alike to the physical and spiritual well-being of the community. They are a relic of barbaric and superstitious ages, and they will have to vanish eventually before the mandates of reason, science, and poetry. To-day we are complacent over our burying-grounds simply because we are ignorant of what is the clear testimony of science in the matter. Chicago has some twenty-eight cemeteries within and near its limits, an aggregate of between one and two thousand acres of ground. Graceland, which has been open some thirty years and contains one hundred and twenty-five acres of land, has between fifty and sixty thousand graves. Oakwoods, opened in 1862, covers one hundred and eighty-four acres, and has now more than forty thousand graves. Already Chicago has overrun several sets of cemeteries. The one redeeming feature of a city cemetery is that the dead are made to serve the living by holding ground for a while, which eventually will be wrenched from them and given back to the living in the way of parks. This is the story of Lincoln Park, in this city. Most of the parks in Paris and London were old burying-grounds. Washington Park, New York, was the Potter's Field, not abandoned as such until it became an infectious neighborhood. It is only physicians conversant with the facts who realize what a terrible drain upon the health of the living are the graveyards of the world. Newtown, Long Island, the burying-ground of much of the population of New York and Brooklyn, contains within its limits twenty-two cemeteries, in which more than thirty-five thousand dead are buried every year. One eighth of its territory is in graveyards. Within fifty years, 1,385,000 bodies have been buried there.

The town now contains but seventeen thousand living inhabitants. All the cemetery-ground is exempt from taxation, although in the more thickly peopled acres the dead are put in at the rate of eight thousand four hundred per acre. This yields a profit on the land to the proprietors of $71,500, or one thousand per cent inside of fifty years. This little town has to report the highest death rate in the state. Epidemic diseases like diphtheria and others are continually breaking out. I cannot go into the sanitary details which show what a fertile source of disease city graveyards are. Augustus G. Cobb, in a recent book entitled "Earth Burial and Cremation,"* has gone carefully into the matter concerning London, Paris, and American cities, and the result is simply sickening. Sir Henry Thompson, speaking for London, says: "By selecting a portion of ground five or ten miles from any very populous neighborhood and sending our dead to be buried there, we are laying by poison for our children's children, who will find our remains polluting their water sources when that now distant plat is covered, as it will be, more or less closely, by human dwellings." Prof. C. C. Brown, expert engineer and professor in Union College, in 1889 notified the state board of health that there were eighty-three cemeteries contributing to the pollution of the Croton watershed; and the story of the poor Brontë family is but too well known. The churchyard surrounded three sides of the Haworth parsonage. Charlotte's biographer says: "There is no doubt that the lives of these gifted daughters of genius were shortened by the poison that came from the innumerable dead; a calamity which the intelligent rector tried to avert, but the taxpayers would not consent. Fevers, sore throats, and sick-headaches were prevalent in that home." Charlotte wrote in her diary: "Slow fever was my continual companion." Emily died at twenty-nine, Anna at twenty-seven, and Charlotte at thirty-one. The experiments of Pasteur and Tyndall show what tremendous vitality there is in the germ of contagious diseases. Tyndall found some organisms that could be boiled for hours and then frozen, yet still survived to propagate their species. A case was cited before the New York Academy of Medicine in 1891, of a grave-digger, who, having disinterred a diphtheria patient who had been buried twenty-three years, soon after fell a victim to the same disease. The plague at Modena, in Europe, reappeared upon excavating the ground where the victims of the pestilence had been buried three hundred years before. In London, in 1854, they dug sewers through an old burying-ground where the victims of the plague of 1665 (one hundred and eighty-nine years before) had been buried, and the cholera appeared. The result was predicted by Sir John Simon.

What is the remedy for all this danger and expense, this idle land, these plague-breeding homes of the dead? Happily for us, there is a solution of this perplexity, a solution that is at once economic, effective, simple, beautiful, a solution that meets at once the requirements of sentiment and of science. I mean the prompt restoration of the body to its primal elements by the quick and pure element of fire,—the modern crematory. Scientifically speaking, inhumation and incineration accomplish exactly the same results. Decomposition is but slow combustion. Combustion is but prompt decomposition. The body, undisturbed, wrapped in a white winding-sheet saturated in alum—which will resist the heat longer than the body itself—is passed into a chamber heated by gases to a temperature upwards of 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and without contact with the flames, without noise or smell, in a lucent white heat, all the liquid material is promptly evaporated. In an hour's time there is left but a few pounds of ashes, which are gathered in an urn, preserved in the crematory, given to the friends for burial, or, more fitting and beautiful, as it seems to me, scattered upon the grass,—and nature has accomplished in one hour by fire what it would take from twelve to sixty years to accomplish by inhumation; for with mawkish sentimentality we stupidly contest with nature and retard her processes as much as possible by our embalmings and metallic cases. The actual cost of fuel which brings this quick release and prompt return to nature is about a dollar. The entire cost of incineration is twenty-five dollars, with no lot in the cemetery to be paid for, cared for, and ultimately to be neglected. In this country, the first body was cremated in 1876. It was that of Baron de Palm, at Washington, Penn. Since then some eighteen or twenty crematories have been erected, and several thousand persons have chosen this happier road of fire for the worn-out and laid-aside body. December last a crematory was opened in connection with Graceland Cemetery, on the North Side. Up to this time eleven bodies have been incinerated in Chicago. I hope the reform will progress, until by law every cemetery shall be required to offer this alternative to its patrons, and all bodies of paupers, strangers, those who have no friends to claim them, and those dying of contagious diseases of whatever nature, may be cremated as a sani-

*From this suggestive little book most of the following statements are taken.

tary measure by municipal ordinance; until all those who prefer inhumation shall seek it in the quiet, far-away country burial-grounds, where the menace to public health is reduced to the minimum, and the poetic fitness, the quiet and perpetuity of what will always remain God's acre in the hearts of men may be preserved; and until a rapidly growing number of intelligent men and women educate themselves and their families to this more poetic, more ancient, and, taking the whole world over, by far the most popular form of disposing of the dead body. Meanwhile, I hope the reform in our funeral customs will go on; that our street-car companies all over the country will follow the example of the Atchison street-railway by putting at the service of the public a funeral car, which may be chartered at a less cost than a hearse, and which will carry forty attendants, at the price which must now be paid for the carrying of four. I hope these funeral reforms will go on until white and not black will be the symbol of the great mystic nuptial occasion where death woos and wins its groom or bride. Let the funeral reforms go on until the consolation of the bereaved will be found in the services of love that widen the skirts of light rather than in seeking, with undignified haste, the solutions of autumn in the blossoms of spring.

But these reforms will not come any faster than does the growth of reason in religion. They cannot come as long as men in the toils of a mediæval theology tremble in the presence of death as in the presence of an arch-fiend, and go about this world with an ever-open ear listening for the crack of doom, when in response to Gabriel's trumpet the ghastly graves are to open and the wasted bodies come forth crawling from under the crushing tons of granite which their successors and kindred ostentatiously piled upon them. These funeral reforms will never come so long as men regard this world accursed and deem the only glory over there, so long as they think that it is one thing to prepare to die and another to prepare to live.

Dr. Charles W. Purdy, before the Chicago Medical Society some years ago, offered the following as a careful estimate: "One and one fourth times more money is expended annually for funerals in the United States than the government expends for public school purposes. Funerals cost this country in 1880 enough to pay all commercial liabilities in the United States during the year and to give each bankrupt a capital of $8,630 with which to resume business. Funerals cost annually more money than the value of the combined gold and silver yield of the United States in 1880." Now this is not a case of bad financiering nor of bad morals; primarily it is a case of bad theology. It is fetichism. It is superstition. It is the slavishness of dogma. What we want is to emancipate souls. Out of a petition of 23,365 Germans to the Reichstag for a law permitting cremation, there were only ten names of Protestant ministers appended, and three of rabbis. We must give to the world the sweeter thought of nature, a diviner trust in God, a holier calm in the presence of the inevitable, more restfulness in the eternal arms. We want a new emphasis on character, not on show or creed. We want to realize the truth which dear old Sir Thomas Browne stated over two hundred years ago in his "Urn Burial." He is one of the many physicians of the body to whom it has been given to minister to soul. In this he says, "There is no antidote against the opium of time. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories. Gravestones tell truth scarcely forty years. To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The greater part must be content to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Egyptian ingenuity was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The mummy has become merchandise. Mizraim cures wounds and Pharaoh is sold for balsam. Five languages secured not the epitaph of Giordanus."

"The noblest monument in Graceland," said the superintendent, "is the great elm that was moved, a few years ago, fifteen miles to mark the resting-place of the man that loved it." I can conceive one improvement on that noble monument, if it were planted by the hand it commemorates. But never mind the commemoration; sure is the monument of him who plants an elm. It will outlast your granite shaft.

O, let us have done with the miserable graveyard business; let us not think of death, but of life. Let the dead bury the dead. Selfishness in tears is no more noble than selfishness in smiles. Let the tears of the sorrowing be illumined with love, and they become crystalline lenses showing forth in magnified and clearer outline the present duty, the near opportunity, the deathless life, the endless love, the life in God, with man, for truth, the life that is free from the terrors of the grave, the life that is now eternal, triumphant, and ever blessed.

I hate the black negation of the bier,
And wish the dead, as happier than ourselves
And higher, having climb'd one step beyond
Our village miseries, might be borne in white
To burial or to burning, hymn'd from hence
With songs in praise of death, and crowned with flowers,

TENNYSON.

In the Galerie des Beaux Arts, in Paris, there stands a famous statue. It was the last work of a great genius, who, like many a genius, was very poor and lived in a garret, which served as studio and sleeping-room alike. When the statue was all but finished, one midnight a sudden frost fell upon Paris. The sculptor lay awake in the fireless room and thought of the still moist clay; thought how the water would freeze in the pores and destroy in an hour the dream of his life. So the old man rose from his couch and heaped the bedclothes reverently round his work. In the morning, when the neighbors entered the room, the sculptor was dead. But the statue lived.
—*Henry Drummond.*

The Daffodils.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Wordsworth.

Naturula Naturans.

Beside the water and the crumbs
She laid her little birds of clay,
For — "When some other sparrow comes,
Perhaps they 'll fly away."

Ah, golden dream, to clothe with wings
A heart of springing joy; to know
Two lives i' the happy sum of things
To her their bliss will owe!

Day dawned; they had not taken flight,
Tho' playmates called from bush and tree.
She sighed: "I hardly thought they might.
Well, — God's more clever 'n me!"

From "W. V., Her Book," by William Canton.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Hold on to the things which seem to you best, as one appointed by God to that station.

MON.—Nothing great is produced suddenly.

TUES.—Remember that desire contains in it the hope of obtaining that which you desire.

WED.—It is difficulties which show what men are.

THURS.—Disease is an impediment to the body, but not to the soul, unless the soul itself chooses.

FRI.—Where look for improvement? Seek it there where your work lies.

SAT.—You will see clearer when you have laid aside fear.

EPICTETUS.

Blue Coat and Gray.

In 1864 several Union and Confederate wounded soldiers lay in a farmhouse in the Shenandoah Valley. Mrs. B——, the mother of one of the latter, rode ten miles every day to see her boy, bringing such little comforts as she could. Her house was burned, the plantation in ruins, trampled down by the army. One day she carried him some beef-tea. Every drop was precious; for it was with great difficulty that she had obtained the beef from which it was made.

As she sat watching her boy sip the steaming, savory broth, her eye caught the eager, hungry look of a man on the next cot. He was a Yankee, perhaps one of the very band who had burned her home. She was a bitter secessionist. But she was also a noble-hearted Christian woman. Her eye stole back to the pale, sunken face, and she remembered the words of the Master: "If thine enemy thirst, give him drink."

After a moment's pause, and with pressed lips, for it required all the moral force she could command, she filled a bowl with the broth and put it to his lips, repeating to herself the words: "For His sake, for His sake, for His sake, I do it." Then she brought fresh water and bathed the soldier's face and hands as gently as if he, too, had been her son. The next day, when she returned, he was gone, having been exchanged to the North.

Last winter the son of a Senator from a Northern state brought home with him during the Christmas vacation a young engineer from Virginia. He was the only living son of Mrs. B——, the boy whom she had nursed having been killed during the later years of the war. She had struggled for years to educate this boy as a civil engineer, and had done it. But without influence he could not obtain position, and was supporting himself by copying.

Senator Blank inquired into his qualifications, and, finding them good, soon after secured his appointment on the staff of engineers employed to construct an important railway. The Senator inclosed with the appointment a letter to Mrs. B——, reminding her of the farmhouse on the Shenandoah, and adding: "I was the wounded man to whom you gave that bowl of broth."

The divine principle embodied in this act of the true-hearted Southern mother was never better exemplified.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

THE power of example is set forth in the following: The Sunday school teacher remonstrates with a pupil for being late.—"Why, Mrs. K., I don't see *why* I should n't be late to Sunday school. Mamma's *always* late to church!"

Father Wisdom's Teachings.

The Educational Church Board, Albany, N. Y., has recently been interesting itself in helping children to gain development in ethical and religious life, and it has, with careful consideration, prepared "Commandments" as taught by "Father Wisdom" for mothers to use with their children. It is suggested that the bedtime hour, just before the good-night kiss is given, is a most suitable one when these may be taught, and as early as the children are able to grasp the meaning of the simpler parts they may be committed to memory. This may be at least as soon as the sixth year. A gentle, serious, yet happy manner while teaching these, and talking of them, is of immeasurable importance in impressing them upon the young thought. When the time comes that the children can apprehend the great meaning of the Bible Commandments, these Commandments of Father Wisdom will have served the purpose of an introduction to the moral ideals of the race.

The Board would be much pleased to receive letters from those who attempt to make use of these Commandments, and to hear of their successes or failures.

Single copies of Commandments for one two-cent stamp.
One hundred copies for $1.50.

Commandments Father Wisdom Taught the Child He Loved.

Love shall direct thee in thine action, and thy tongue shall speak in love.
Thy conscience shall be to thee as the voice of an Eternal Father,
And that which thou knowest in thy heart to be right thou shalt do,
In thy home and thy school, in thy work and in thy play.

This is the great commandment: and if thou keep it,
Thou shalt be worthy of honor, and thy friends shall be many.

And these are the words of the law:—

Thou shalt love thy father and thy mother,
And thou shalt do willingly that which they charge thee in wisdom to do.

Thou shalt honor the aged.
Thou shalt have regard for those that are near of kin.
And thy teacher thou shalt ever respect and obey.

Thou shalt not be cruel in spirit.
Be thou kind to thy brother, and be not the cause of thy sister's weeping.

Regard thou the rights of those that join thee in thy play.
Be thou the enemy of that which is unfair,
And the defender of those who suffer wrong.

Be thou slow to anger, and be not quick to strike.
Thou shalt not quarrel, nor disgrace thyself with fighting;
But for the right thou mayest strike many a blow,
And the spirit of the hero shall inspire thee.

Thou shalt not steal,
Nor shalt thou even covet.

Thou shalt speak the truth; thou shalt not lie.
And if thou hast told a lie of another,
Thou shalt confess, that thy honor be not forever sullied.

Thou shalt not make thyself unclean;
Nor thou shalt not be vile in thy words, nor in thy thoughts.
Thou shalt be pure in heart.

Thou shalt strive day by day to become strong in body, mind, and soul,
That thy father, thy mother, and thy friends and neighbors
May take delight in thee,
And rejoice that thou hast been born.

The end of all culture must be character, and its outcome is conduct. Right action is far more important than rare scholarship.—*Sarah B. Cooper.*

The Study Table.

FAITH AND SELF-SURRENDER.*—Dr. Martineau never writes without challenging the thoughtful consideration of every serious reader. The little pocket volume on "Faith and Self-Surrender" is no exception to this rule of his work. But the strength of the book is sadly reduced by the excessive use of italics. The author mistrusts either his own rhetorical power (which no one else doubted), or his reader's acumen, and evidently does not agree with Hawthorne, who declared that if he could not give his thought sufficient emphasis without the use of italics he would not write at all. Dr. Martineau's message, however, is a needed one. He emphasizes the place of personality in human culture. "The only knowledge that can really make us better is not of things and their laws, but of persons and their thoughts." . . . "We lost the true notion of human culture when we threw away the 'lives of the saints.'" "The soul grows Godlike, not by its downward gaze at inferior nature, but by its uplifted look at thought and goodness greater than its own." . . . "Apart from God, we lose our proportions." . . . "He who ceases to kneel before the Divine Wisdom soon talks superciliously of the human, and ends with the worship of his own." One is reminded of the serious word and the important one of Mr. Edwin D. Mead at the Liberal Congress, concerning the hallowing of this onward movement of religious thought and activity in the divine. Dr. Martineau would have men keep in mind that the divinity in human life is held up in the consciousness or faith in the divinity above human life, and that ennobling conceptions of human destiny depend upon its relations with an upholding and enfolding and inspiring God.

F. R. V.

THE YEAR OF SHAME† is the passionate cry of offended justice, in which Mr. Watson has given civilization a voice. Nothing like it has appeared since Whittier. "The Year of Shame" will cause many to ask why another, and not Mr. Watson, is poet laureate. It will also explain to the initiated perhaps the reason why he is not. Bishop Hereford furnishes an introduction, in which he calls these poems "the unmistakable voice of genuine, native English patriotism and humanity, nursed on the record of English story, and inspired by our inheritance of honor and duty, as distinct from the pinchbeck patriotism of the commercial jingo, who is unhappily becoming very prominent in English life, and is very militant if any material interests are threatened, but all for peace, and patience, and concerted action when the only thing concerned is a question of old-fashioned honor and obligation." No better use could be made of our limited space than to fill it with Mr. Watson's own words. Following are two of the sonnets:

THE TURKS IN ARMENIA.

What profit's it, O England, to prevail
In arts and arms, and mighty realms subdue,
And ocean with thine argosies bestrew,
And wrest thy tribute from each golden gale,
If idly thou must harken to the wail
Of women martyred by the turbaned crew,
Whose tenderest mercy was the sword that slew,
And hazard not the dinting of thy mail?
We deemed of old thou heldst a charge from Him
Who sits companioned by his seraphim
To smite the wronger with thy destined rod.
Wait'st thou his sign? Enough, the unanswered cry
Of virgin souls for vengeance, and on high
The gathering blackness of the frown of God!

"IF."

Yea, if ye could not, though ye would, lift hand—
Ye halting leaders—to abridge hell's reign;
If, for some cause ye may not yet make plain,
Yearning to strike, ye stood as one may stand,
Who in a nightmare sees a murder planned,
And hurrying to its issue, and though fain
To stay the knife, and fearless, must remain
Madly inert, held fast by ghostly band;—
If such your plight, most hapless ye of men!
But if ye could not and would not, oh, what plea,
Think ye, shall stead you at your trial, when
The thunder-cloud of witnesses shall loom,
With Ravished Childhood on the seat of doom,
At the assizes of eternity?

THE BALLADS OF RENALT* are not to be compared with "The Year of Shame." Mr. Fletcher may be a neighbor of Mr. Le Gallienne. He certainly belongs to the same school which has apotheosized the "damaged heroine" and placed Mary Magdalene in the place of Mary the Virgin. His "work," while not so nasty or bad as his masters of the French school, has not the genius of the French for wickedness. The book contains some good things, but the dull, sleepy-headed caricature of God running through it, and the implications in "The Last Sacrament," which are too nasty for words, render the book a good one for general reprobation, in spite of the fact that the last poem, "The Scapegoat," contains marks of ability and no marks of shame.

*Faith and Self-Surrender. James Martineau, D.D., D.C.L. Macmillan & Co., New York. 50 cents.

†The Year of Shame. William Watson. John Lane. The Bodley Head, London and New York. 1897. $1.00.

*Ballads of Renalt. J. S. Fletcher. John Lane. The Bodley Head, London and New York. 1897. $1.00.

Notes and Comments.

Educators are divided as to the merits of the marking system. Some sort of graded marks seems to be necessary, but the question arises, to what extent it should be carried. In the last number of *The Dial* Mr. Charles Leonard Moore ranks Homer, Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare, and other masters on the 100-for-perfection scale familiar to the modern high-school boy. Mr. Moore's standards of comparison are good, but the result is so amusing that one wonders if he meant us to take him seriously, or whether we are to mark him 50 for humor.

There are indications that 1897 will be an era of African literature, as 1895 was an era of Napoleonic literature. We call ourselves civilized, and this end of the nineteenth century an age of progress. These new books on Africa prove that both the civilized and uncivilized are more barbarian than we like to think. While her newspapers still give echoes of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight, America cannot point the finger of scorn at England for her brutality in Africa, which Mrs. Schreiner's new book discloses. Miss Kingsley and Dr. Donaldson Smith write of horrors in Africa, and now comes Sidney Langford Hinde's "The Fall of the Congo Arabs," showing that cannibalism is on the increase. Happily, there are other interests in these books. Dr. Smith has enriched science with his maps and with the collections he brought home; Miss Kingsley contributes to anthropology and to the science of religion; Mrs. Schreiner introduces some beautiful lessons from the life of Jesus; Lionel Decle's "From Cape Town to Uganda" will have an introduction by Henry M. Stanley, M.P.

Mr. Boutell's "Life of Roger Sherman" contains a message for those who would abolish the Senate. He shows the need that called forth Roger Sherman's wise plan for quieting the jealousy between the large states and the small. In a convention of men of genius Sherman held an honorable place by reason of his sound sense.

Harper Brothers offer 500 thrilling pages of a very readable story in Mrs. Waugh's translation of Dr. Maurus Jokai's "The Green Book," a story of early Nihilism, a book Russian in subject and Russian in treatment.

The world is about to lose another literary landmark. Before another generation of readers weeps with Amelia or schemes with Becky Sharp, in Young Street, Kensington, a huge London store will occupy the site of the house where Thackeray wrote "Vanity Fair." Last year America secured $15,000 worth of Thackeray manuscripts. An unpublished poem of Thackeray's, "An Old Story Retold," will soon be sold at auction in London.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., announce at the head of their list of spring publications, a complete one-volume Cambridge edition of Lowell's poems; also a ten-volume *edition de luxe* of Prof. Francis J. Childs's "English and Scottish Popular Ballads." All true boys will welcome "The Young Mountaineers" that Charles Egbert Craddock has written especially for them. "The Wisdom of Fools" is a volume of five stories by Margaret Deland. Through Rose Hawthorne Lathrop's "Memories of Hawthorne" we make the acquaintance of Hawthorne, the father.

An interesting compilation from the writings of Thoreau, Burroughs, Emerson, Whittier, and others is called "Nature's Diary."

D. D.

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion"

CHICAGO.—While the pastor of All Souls, Chicago, is basking in the smiles of the Pope, or *vice versa*, his parish is realizing what a good thing it is to be next-door neighbor to the University of Chicago, and on pleasant, neighborly terms with it.

For the third time in the last month it filled our pulpit, Professor Charles R. Henderson giving a sermon on "The Immanence of God." He told us how, in the eighteenth and earli r parts of the nineteenth centuries, the thinking world put God on the outside of things, conceiving him as a Creator who, having accomplished a good piece of work, stood on the outside to see it go, a sort of absentee landlord, separated from his creation by an impervious atmosphere, absolutely out of reach except through a miracle.

Science has been largely instrum ntal in bringing about the later thought expressed by Browning in the line,

"My God must rule within."

Beyond all differ nces of creed, that which constitutes the living religion of each one of us has at the heart of it the conviction

"I know that God is good,"

and closely following that conviction must come the will to do that good.

Professor Henderson touched upon the work of the Associated Charities, with which he is in close touch. He deplored the effect of the usual methods of dispensing charity, which simply result in building up a wall between th two classes of society, the wealthy and those who stand in need of their assistance. Our city is but a great conglomeration of adjacent villages, and always will be until we learn to give, not our old clothes, but ourselves. Even the name, "Associated Charities," is something to be gotten rid of.

The city of Amsterdam has added to the potency of its charitable forc s by calling them an "Association for the Common Welfare."

By the way, the recent acceptance by Franklin McVeagh of a position at the head of the business management of this organization is something which must certainly give a stimulus in the right direction to this work, which has in it so much of hope and progressive impetus.

JEWISH NOTES.—The Society for Jewish Studies of Paris, France, publishing the eminent scholarly quarterly, the *Revue des Etudes Juives*, has elected as its president Maurice Verves, a Christian.—Berthold Auerbach's valuable collection of manuscripts and letters has been presented to the Schwaebischen Schiller Verein in Marbach.—Rabbi J. Leonard Levy of Philadelphia occupied the pulpit of the Calvary Baptist Church, and Rabbi Joseph Stolz occupied Mr. Johonnot's pulpit at Oak Park.—Charity is contagious. Within a few months, in the city of New York, Mr. Schiff gave a home to the Young Men's Hebrew Association, Mrs. Herrmann gave $10,000 for fitting it up, and Miss Beruheimer donated $30,000 to the Mt. Sinai Hospital. The will of Simon Goldenburg of New York leaves $5,000 to the trustees of the Temple Beth El for the use of the synagogue charities, and to the institution for the improved instruction of deaf mutes, Mt. Sinai Hospital, Hebrew Benevolent Orphan Asylum, the Montefiore Home, and the Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews, $3.000 each; to the United Hebrew Charities and the Hebrew Technical Institute, $5,000 each; to the German Hospital, the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society, the United Relief Works of the Society for Ethical Culture, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, $1.000 each. The testator also leaves to the burgomaster of the village of Kestrich, Germany, $5,000, which is to be divided into two equal parts, the income from one part to be used to pay off the debt of the Jewish synagogue there, while the income from the other part of the fund is to be used to pay off the debt of the Protestant church in the same village. The remainder, over one million dollars, is left in the hands of trustees, who are empowered to create some charitable or educational institution in the city of New York, and no restrictions are imposed upon them except that the testator desires that the institution shall be non-sectarian.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Marion F. Ham delivered a discourse to a good audience at the Unitarian Church yesterday morning on "The Fatherhood of God" The discourse was well prepared, and indicated wide study of religious history and deep thought. The trend of the discourse was to show the loving tenderness of the great All-Father in dealing with humanity. The idealistic thought of God which the best minds of to-day entertain, argued Mr. Ham, is the result of centuries of praying and yearning. Through Brahmanism, through Judaism, through Buddhism, through Christianity, through all systems of religion whatsoever, the hands of humanity have been uplifted to grasp the infinite hand; the eyes of humanity have been upturned to pierce the mists, to look beyond the shadows of mortality and catch a glimpse of the Eternal Face. The hearts of men have yearned and striven and agonized to find the unchanging love.

MANISTEE, MICH.—The Ladies' Society recently held an old-fashioned singing-school and supper which proved very successful and furnished an evening of innocent though contagious amusement. The course of lectures announced by Mr. Byrnes for Sunday evenings, on the modern poets, proved very popular, filling the church on a few of the evenings and created a lively interest in good literature. Mr. Byrnes has announced for April and May a course on "Representative Men," which includes Charles Darwin, George William Curtis, Charles Sumner, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Paine, Henry Clay, William E. Gladstone, U. S. Grant.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Pastors representing the Episcopal, Unitarian, Methodist, Universalist, Baptist, and Congregational churches united to hold Sunday evening services in a theater during February. The people crowded the theater and hundreds were turned away.

UNIVERSITY NEWS—The number of University classes conducted by the University of Chicago in the city and in the suburbs has been greater during the present winter quarter than ever before for the same period. The work has not been limited to the immediate vicinity. Classes in English literature have been conducted as far away as Logansport, Ind. Classes in library economy are now in progress at Aurora and Geneva, Ill. A large number of classes are offered for the spring quarter, which opens April 1st. Students wishing to join classes beginning at that time may secure full information by addressing the Class-study Secretary, The University of Chicago. . . . The trustees and congregation of the University of Chicago extend a cordial invitation to be present at the exercises of the Eighteenth Convocation to be held in the Auditorium Theater, Wabash Avenue and Congress Street, Thursday evening, April 1st, beginning at 8 o'clock. Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen, will deliver the address. Subject: "The University and its Effect Upon the Home."

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A FEW PRESS NOTICES.

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This is a very helpful little book to keep on desk or work-table, so that a chapter, page, or mere sentence may be read in the hurried intervals of daily occupation. It is not a manual of devotion. It does not incite to emotional piety, nor to morbid subjective questioning; but it strengthens the soul to "serve God and bless the world." Though some of the titles are followed by texts, they are not elaborated into sermons, but are key-notes to simple and charming essays, full of suggestive thoughts and illustrations which encourage and cheer the heart. They show how every life, however humble or hindered, can be made great and glorious by struggle, faithfulness, and love.

There are eight essays, four by each of the authors. It is hard to choose from them, when all are excellent. Perhaps "Blessed be Drudgery," and "A Cup of Cold Water" will appeal most strongly to many. It is rarely realized, and therefore cannot be too often repeated, that the drudgery which seems to dwarf our lives is the secret of their growth. Life could easily be made beautiful, if each would offer the "cup of water" to the thirsty one near him, and all are thirsting for something.

It is impossible in a few paragraphs to give extracts from a book, every page of which contains sentences worthy of quotation.

There are, indeed, expressions which those whose creed differs from that of the author's would wish omitted, as when "Goethe, Spencer, Agassiz, and Jesus" are grouped together as equal illustrations. It was not necessary to accentuate the bravery of our soldier boys of '61 by casting a slur on the Christian Commission. And it will lessen to some the influence of the high truths in every chapter, that so many of the dear old Bible stories are numbered among myths and legends. But if we look for good, we shall find all the pages full of the spirit of Christ, and true, uplifting teaching is drawn from every Bible incident mentioned. We would gladly have more honor shown to the latter, but, after all, "the Spirit giveth life." Hence (with the exceptions and reservations noted above) we heartily commend the book.—*The National Baptist.*

A BOOK TO HELP ONE LIVE.—"The Faith That Makes Faithful" is a stimulus to the drooping spirit and tired body. Its lines are encouraging to those whose cares and offices are not without alloy, and they are excellent reading for all who have or wish to have a purpose in life. The opening chapter is entitled "Blessed be Drudgery," and the thought therein tends to strengthen one in performing the thousand little things in life's pathway and make them light, that we are accustomed to look upon as grinding drudgery. There are chapters on faithfulness, tenderness, divine benediction, etc. The style is spirited and spiritual, and it is not only a volume for goodly reading, but one that will help us live for purpose and right. It is a collaborate production of Messrs. William Channing Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The best evidence of its acceptance by the public and its merit is the fact that it has reached its twenty-fifth thousand. Alfred C. Clark, Chicago.—*Books.*

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL is the happy title of a volume of eight sermons by W. C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. They are discourses entirely devoid of theological significance, and written from the standpoint of ethical and practical teachers, unembarrassed by any of the conventionalities of the popular theology. The discourses are of a high order of excellence, so far as literary form is concerned, and well calculated to help and encourage the reader to make life fruitful, trustful, and blessed. "Blessed be Drudgery," by Mr. Gannett, and "Tenderness" and "The Divine Benediction," by Mr. Jones, are the discourses which have most impressed us, but all are worthy of thought and personal application. The little volume is a very choice addition to our Western sermon literature. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.—*Universalist.*

FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. Sermons preached by Revs. W. C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Alfred C. Clark of Chicago has just issued a brochure which contains eight sermons, four being preached by Rev. W. C. Gannett on "Blessed be Drudgery," "I Had a Friend," "A Cup of Cold Water," and "Wrestling and Blessing," and the other four by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, on "Faithfulness," "Tenderness," "The Seamless Robe," and "The Divine Benediction." Thees discourses are of an ennobling, purifying character, full of beautiful sentiment and rich in pathetic incidents that will stir the tenderest emotions. After reading this little work one cherishes a kindlier, gentler feeling for all humanity, and if he is not made better by the chaste and holy spirit that pervades the book he must surely be insensible to the pleading of virtue, and the joy that comes from correct living and the hope of a bright and happy future.

The general title of the volume is "The Faith that Makes Faithful."—*Madison Democrat.*

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This little volume embraces the following essays, or little sermons: "Blessed be Drudgery," "Faithfulness," "I Had a Friend," "Tenderness," "A Cup of Cold Water," "The Seamless Robe," "Wrestling and Blessing," and "The Divine Benediction." Each author has contributed equally to the book, and both have given to the public many beautiful thoughts clothed in beautiful language. The essays are, in part, didactic, and contain reflections upon life in the different subjects treated that are not only interesting, but inspiring. Could the lessons taught be so impressed that they would be heeded, life would be made better for many people whose existence would become less purposeless. The faith found in this volume, if heeded—if made as much a part of the individual as it is a part of the book—will make faithful many who would be much better by having read the essays.—*The Current.*

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Existing churches will remain, but their emphasis will be changed more and more from dogma to creed, from profession to practice. From out their creed-bound walls will come an ever-increasing throng, upon whose brows will rest the radiance of the sunrise; whose hearts will glow with the fervid heat of the Orient, intensified with the scientific convictions of the Occident. These people will demand a church that will be as inclusive in its spirit as the Parliament. The Parliament will teach people that there is a universal religion. This must have its teachers, and it will have its churches. This universal religion is not made of the shreds and tatters of other religions. It is not a patchwork of pieces cut out of other faiths, but it is founded on those things which all religions hold in common, the hunger of the heart for comradeship, the thirst of the mind for truth, the passion of the soul for usefulness. In morality the voices of the prophets blend, and the chorus is to become audible throughout the world. In ethics all religions meet. Gentleness is everywhere and always a gospel. Character is always revelation. All writings that make for it are scripture.

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The record of the great convocation is a surprise to its most ardent friends. Words that were said by Buddhist might have been transposed into the mouth of the Romanist, while the Greek Church found its utmost essence not differing from the highest thought of its arch-enemy under the Crescent. Through all the discourses ran a harmony of thought promising a new day in religions when men shall cease to wrangle over their differences and shall magnify their points of likeness and endeavor to get closer together.

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It is much more than the work of any one man, however eminent in the field of religion, and Mr. Jones can well claim great success in compilation. It gives the best thought of the best minds in the world to-day.—*Ansonia Sentinel, Ansonia, Conn.*

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(To be continued weekly.)

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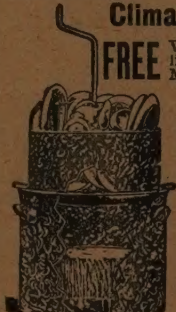

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